

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 161.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1855.

PRICE 1d.  
STAMPED 2d.



THE LAST VISIT OF MR. MARSDEN AND BASIL TO THEIR DISMANTLED HOME.

## STRUGGLES IN LIFE.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE'S INGRATITUDE.

"I TOLD you," said Mr. Douglas, taking up the thread of his story, which the arrival of an unexpected visitor had broken on the previous day—

"I told you that cousin Valentine and I parted good friends after he had paid my long-standing debt, though we have seldom met from that day to this. I have heard of him, though, as well as

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from him. But," he went on, in a grave tone, "I need not tell you, Mr. Basil, because you know something of the same thing, what confusion and distress this sudden destruction, as I may call it—I mean the bursting of these joint-stock bubbles—has brought upon scores and hundreds of families. There was enough of each, I am sure, on the day of my arrest. It happened, Mr. Basil, that not long before I had accepted a bill for thirty pounds, little dreaming of the storm that was brewing. Well, sir, the money that I relied upon for meeting that bill was soon swallowed up in law expenses, and I had no immediate prospect of more. At the same time, if that bill should not be met, it would only make confusion worse confounded. Now, thought I, here is an opportunity for my cousin Valentine to show his gratitude. I was reluctant to put it to the test, certainly; but I knew he was able to help me if he would, for a few weeks previously, in a note I had from him, he had bragged of his funded property, and of the difficulty there was in making profitable investments.

"I wrote to cousin Valentine, Mr. Basil; I reminded him, gently, that it had been in my power, some twenty years before, to do him a trifling service. I did not say what that service was, nor hint at my remembrance of the fact that my interposition alone had saved him from imprisonment. I wrote nothing of the sort, though I might have written that. I told him my position, however—suddenly involved and mixed up in a ruinous speculation—not that I wanted him to help me out of that, because I knew he could not; but that he could, if he pleased, show his appreciation of any past kindness I had ever had it in my power to offer, by lending me thirty pounds for a few months, explaining why I asked for that sum, and giving him to understand that the bill must be met on the twentieth of this month, or I should have sorrow upon sorrow."

"The twentieth! that is to-day, Mr. Douglas," said Basil.

"Yes it is. Well, what sort of an answer do you think I received from my dear cousin?" asked Mr. Douglas, bitterly.

"I can guess the answer you did receive, sir," observed Basil, "because you have prepared me for it. And yet——"

"And yet, you think there was nothing so very unreasonable in my expectation?"

"Unreasonable, sir! I might have thought that your cousin would have been delighted to show that he had not forgotten your former kindness," said Basil.

"You are a young man, Mr. Basil; you will know the world better when you are older," rejoined Mr. Douglas, calmly. "You shall see Valentine's letter: it came yesterday morning. He took some time to compose it, I suppose. At any rate, he had had my note by him a month." And taking a letter from his desk, he handed it to young Marsden. "Read it out, Mr. Basil; and let us have all the beauty of it."

Basil took the letter, and read: "My dear cousin."

"He called me 'dear,' you see. Very kind of him, that."

"My dear cousin," Basil read, "I very much regret that you are in difficulties in

money matters, but cannot say that I am surprised."

"Very sagacious, you observe," interposed Mr. Douglas. "There are some men, Mr. Basil, and my cousin is one of them, who are never taken by surprise. Tell them that London had disappeared in a night, and they will be sure to have expected the very catastrophe—not at all surprised at it; certainly not. Go on, sir."

"I cannot say that I am surprised; you should have kept in the country, and not come to the neighbourhood of London, where your family expenses are so much larger. You have been at too great an expense in house rent—quite an unwarrantable expense, considering your large family."

"Now, that's pretty well, Mr. Basil, isn't it?" said Mr. Douglas, again interrupting the reader. "Of course, if a man has a large family, he does not want so large a house as when it was smaller. When a man has no children, he requires a twelve-roomed house, don't you see? for a family of ten children, a single room is sufficient for all purposes, especially if the fortunate individual be an author, with a nervous temperament, and so forth. I have paid thirty-five pounds a year house-rent, Mr. Basil. Too much by twenty-five, according to cousin Valentine's scale of reckoning. And, then, it is very ridiculous of me to live where employment is to be found! Salters and colliers, weavers and spinners, don't do this, of course. No one but a mad-brained author would think of this wild expedient. Well, Mr. Basil, go on."

"Quite an unwarrantable expense, considering your large family," read Basil—and, to do him justice, his face flushed with emotion as he proceeded—"but, what is more important, the profession you have taken up is thick with disappointments, which are mortifying even to a man of substance, but disastrous to one whose family depends for everything on the success of his labours."

"Out of the mouth of folly sometimes proceedeth wisdom," remarked Mr. Douglas, sententiously.

"Now, I dare say when cousin Valentine wrote that sentence, he fancied he had hit the right nail on the head: and he might have been wider of the mark. But if it were still nearer, from him such a remark is fraught with consummate heartlessness. However, go on, Mr. Basil."

"You will never be free from anxiety and difficulty," continued Basil, returning to the letter, "so long as you make writing your sole dependence. Why not take a situation? If you were to get only a hundred a year certain——"

"Noble, generous fellow!" commented Mr. Douglas, who seemed to find relief in holding the writer up to ridicule, though Basil was his only listener. "I really ought to be obliged to my dear cousin for his magnificent suggestion. A hundred a year! and dear at that, no doubt, he thinks I should be. And this, Mr. Basil, from a scapegrace who, as a single man, couldn't subsist upon a hundred and fifty pounds a year without getting into difficulties! But I am forgetting Valentine's rule of proportion, though. A man without family should have two hundred a year, to make both ends meet; a man with a wife and eight children cannot possibly need to spend more than eighty pounds a year. Go on, Mr. Basil."

Basil read on, obediently:—"You don't go the right way to work with your children; instead of being a burden to you, you ought to be making them useful, as they might be in a hundred different ways."

"As you were, my darling fellow," said Mr. Douglas, apostrophising the letter writer. "Why, that young fellow, long before he came to man's estate, was constantly getting over head and ears in debt, and threatening his mother—a widowed mother, too—that he would hang, drown, or shoot himself, if she did not pay his debts. And after he became a man—as much of a man as ever he will be—two years hadn't gone by before he had stripped that same mother of every atom of her property, and compelled her to get deeply into debt besides. And this, I suppose, he calls being useful! How dare such a fellow as that, now, talk of my children, or any body else's children being a burden, and not feel all the blood in his system flying up into his recant face?"

"I am astonished!" Basil began to say.

"Astonished! well, it is not worth while to be astonished. If you had known my cousin Valentine you would not be so. So he would have me make my children useful, as he calls it! What right has he to say that they are not useful? He would have me apprentice them to a factory, I suppose, at the advanced age of three years and six months, or thereabouts. But there is an old proverb, Mr. Basil, about bachelors' wives and old maids' children—you must have heard it; and Valentine, from having no progeny of his own, must be deeply versed in the management of other people's children. Don't you see it in this light, Mr. Basil?"

Basil could not say that he did; and at a nod from his companion he once more resumed his task.

"It was exceedingly unwise in you to have anything to do with the D. B. company, or any other of these mushroom companies. I may go further, and say that I am astonished that you could have anything to do with them. It is nothing more nor less than gambling; and having risked and lost your property, little as it was, in such an immoral course, I do not see by what right you can expect to be helped out of the difficulty."

"You have heard of Satan reproving sin, haven't you, Mr. Basil?" interposed Mr. Douglas. "Now, to say nothing of the fact of simple unsuspecting people, like your father and myself, being entrapped unawares in some concealed pitfall of law, when we fancied we were risking only a few pounds or a few hundreds, as the case may be, of our own lawful monies in legitimate enterprise—it is modest, isn't it, to find this carder and dicer, as he was of old, lecturing us on the sin of gambling? Please to proceed, Mr. Basil; you are coming to the gist of the matter now."

"I cannot assist you in your present difficulties, in the way you ask. I acknowledge the obligation of which you remind me."

"There's something in that, you see; more than could be expected. A pity Valentine hadn't a little more brass and denied the obligation with a bold face; but go on."

"Though I don't think it handsome in you to speak of what is gone by now more than twenty years, when we were both of us young and foolish. Besides, what you did was to save yourself; you

would not have done it from disinterested motives."

"You remember the fable of the wolf and the crane, Mr. Basil; how the crane inserted his long neck into the wolf's throat to pull out, with his beak, a bone that had stuck there, and what the wolf said when the operation was over?"

"Yes, indeed; but—" and Basil stopped short, for his emotion half choked him. Well, well, he was young and inexperienced; there is some excuse in that. If he hadn't been young, perhaps he would not have taken his friend's hand—they were sitting side by side—and pressed it almost convulsively, and perhaps he would have kept back the moisture which hung upon his eyelashes for some more worthy purpose than to waste it in tears for another's sorrows. Yes, Basil was evidently very young.

"There is very little more now, Basil," said Mr. Douglas, softly. "Will you read the rest?"

"You will permit me to remind you, in return, that the loan was refunded, and consequently you have no claim upon me." A cold-blooded —

"Stop, stop, my dear fellow; I have done wrong, I fear, to enlist your feelings on my behalf," said Rosa's father, gently.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Douglas," rejoined Basil; "I forgot for the moment that he is your cousin. I fancied I was reading some story of treachery and base ingratitude. But I will go on with the letter, sir. 'However I send you five pounds as a gift, which you can do what you like with; but I must protest against being applied to again, under any circumstances; and as to the acceptance you speak of—it is very imprudent in any one in your position to have to do with bills; if you paid ready money for every thing, as I do, you would have no occasion to give bills or notes of hand. However, I hope you will find means of meeting it, especially if you think you have any reasonable prospect of clearing yourself, though I don't see that you can; and if you can't, you ought not to be meeting one bill to the prejudice of other creditors. Yours truly, Valentine —'"

"And thus endeth the chapter," said Mr. Douglas. "You know now what ailed me yesterday, that I could not go on with our work. And now, Mr. Basil, what ought I to do, or to say to my noble-hearted cousin?"

"You know best, sir," Basil replied; "but I think, if I were in your place, I should return the insulting gift. I know—I am sure I should," he exclaimed impetuously. "But perhaps it would not be right," he added, hesitatingly and blushing, lest he had said too much, or spoken too strongly.

"At your age, or if I were only twenty years younger than I am," said Mr. Douglas, "I should certainly have yielded to such an impulse; but I have learned to take counsel of the town clerk of Ephesus, and to 'do nothing rashly.' I did begin to answer Valentine's letter, but I have not sent it, and do not intend to do so at present. To tell the truth, I had no reason to expect anything different from him; and I made application to him partly by way of experiment, and partly as a matter of duty. But I ought not to have expected any other result. A man who could, as he did once and again, taunt his own widowed mother with her misplaced indulgence—who could wheedle and

threaten her until he had obtained back from her, without any other consideration, a legal acknowledgment which she held for a large sum which she had borrowed for him, on her own responsibility, to help him out of one of his many difficulties, leaving her to meet the payment of it as she best could; and who could then declare that he did not morally or legally owe that embarrassed mother a single farthing—was not likely to have any strong sense of obligation in any other quarter. Let us change the subject, Mr. Basil. If I have given you this much of my history, it has been to show you what you may have to expect as you struggle on through life.

"And now I will turn over a pleasanter page in my experience. You noticed that person who interrupted our conference yesterday. Well, Mr. Basil, he came as an angel of mercy. I had no claim upon him, except that of our being children of one common Father: I had never conferred on him a single benefit. We are friends, and have been for years; but nothing more than friendship has passed between us. He is not rich, Mr. Basil—far from it—he is only a merchant's clerk; and he has a family of his own. But he has passed through deep waters of trouble, and knows how to sympathise. When he came yesterday I was glad to see him, for I knew he would not reproach me for my folly, nor scorn me for my distress; but I did not expect he would—I did not know that he could—help me in any other way. Yet he did. He asked me if I did not want money for my immediate use, and I told him frankly that I did, and how much. Without another word, sir, he undertook to relieve me of my present embarrassment, and lent me twenty pounds beside. He had fifty pounds that he could spare, he said; and they were at my service till I could repay the loan.

"So you see," said Mr. Douglas, "that all the people in the world are not cousin Valentines."

#### CHAPTER X.

##### A VISIT TO THE DISMANTLED HOME.

It was an autumn day; cloudy and gusty. There had been rain early in the morning, and the day before, and the day before that; but the clouds were rolling away, and patches of blue sky could be seen beyond the broken masses, and gleams of sunshine peeped out; over the stubble fields and over the meadows dark shadows flitted, and then they brightened again, and shone out resplendently in their varied tints of green and gold.

Willow-lodge—for we are now in the country—Willow-lodge looked mournfully desolate. A few months had wrought in it a ghastly change. The lawn, which had been so neat and trim, was now rough and ragged; strewn, too, with sodden straw in little heaps and fragments of old carpet, ends of packing cord, and bits of broken furniture and crockery. The paths were overrun with weeds; so were the flower borders and beds, which had been, moreover, ruthlessly trampled down and destroyed. The kitchen garden was a wilderness; vegetable beds had been turned up as with a plough guided by an unskilled or a drunken hand, and fruit trees, with broken limbs, had been prematurely stripped of their produce. Weeds were flourishing—that was all.

The house itself was dismal as well as could

be, to have been made so in so short a time, barring accidents by flood or flame, or destruction by civil commotion or foreign invasion. Dust and dirt hung upon the windows tenaciously—many panes of glass were broken; roses and other climbing plants, which had been trained and fastened to the wall, had been ruthlessly torn down by wanton hands, or blown down by the wind, or beaten down by rain; and the long branches, some twisted and others broken, trailed wofully in the dirt. The house within doors, deserted by inhabitants, presented a still more dreary aspect. It was divested of furniture; cobwebs hung in festoons from the ceilings; paper hangings, torn carelessly in the removal which had taken place, fluttered loosely on the walls; and a thick layer of dry mud in irregular patches defaced the floors. There had been a sale by auction at Willow-lodge; and, while it lasted, the weather had been appropriately wretched, with weeping skies; and there were none to trouble themselves in clearing up the mess which the dirty boots of countrymen and women had left behind.

The rain had also found weak and defenceless points in the deserted mansion: it had fallen through the roof, and had sopped and stained the ceiling; it had descended the chimneys, and dimmed and rusted the once bright bars of fire-grates; it had beaten in at broken panes and the cracks of badly-closed window sashes. Poor Willow-lodge!

On the floor of what had once been the drawing-room lay a torn and dirt-trodden printed paper, the fragments of a posting bill, in which "the desirable estate of Willow-lodge" was described in attractive terms; and articles of "choice household furniture" were enumerated, as "late the property of Leonard Marsden, esquire;" concerning which, the public were informed that a peremptory sale by auction had been ordered "for the benefit of creditors."

The order had been obeyed; the furniture had been sold and removed; servants had been paid off and dismissed; the estate had passed into other hands, and would soon be occupied by other owners or tenants: the house was empty now, however.

Yet not entirely empty on the day of which we write. The door was open; here and there a shutter was partially unclosed; and from an upper chamber footsteps might, at intervals, be heard. The chamber was that which Basil had occupied as a child, and claimed as his own when a youth. There was Basil Marsden now—not alone; his father was also there.

Not entirely empty; for a little had been saved from the wreck; and in this room had been stowed away, for security, packages of papers and old letters, useless to all the world besides, and of little use to Leonard Marsden; a few books also, the refuse of his library, had been laid aside, as a gift from the creditors to the unfortunate insolvent. Mr. Marsden's clothing also, and Basil's, and Basil's and his sisters' little library and other small property—some of it—had escaped the general dispersion; and there, in old boxes and bags, or piled on the floor, placed there by the care of Mr. Marsden's late housekeeper before she gave up her charge, was all that remained to him of personal property, or any other.



Mr. Marsden had passed through the court for the relief of insolvent debtors, and had obtained his liberty. So had Mr. Douglas, who had returned to his home, impoverished, but not broken down. Leonard Marsden had no home to which to return; and he had taken scantily-furnished lodgings for himself, for Basil and his daughters, at Mr. Harebell's, in the Strand. Harebell had obtained his release without passing the ordeal of the insolvent court. His creditor had thought better of it, and had stayed proceedings; and the young tradesman was glad to show all kindness that lay in his power to his fellow lodger of the Fleet. They were not long missed there: their places had been rapidly filled up; there was no want of inhabitants there. Prisoners in all stages of pecuniary decay, and of every moral shade and complexion, still crowded the rooms and paced the galleries, and took air and exercise between the prison and its outer walls. Porter was drunk, tobacco was consumed, and racket balls clove the air, as merrily, or as moodily, as ever. The coffee-room ordinary was kept up with its accustomed respectability, under the presidency of the old chancery prisoner who had passed through fifteen years' experience of Fleet prison life, and had no hope or expectation of release except by death; but who, having command of cash—a strange thing, certainly, for a chancery victim to have—had resolved to make the life endurable. But enough of this: we return to Willow-lodge.

Mr. Marsden and Basil were busy packing up their small property. They had walked from London that morning, and intended to return in the evening by a late coach which passed the lodge. The packages were to be taken to the village inn, and forwarded thence by a carrier's van.

The change in circumstances and prospects which had befallen them had been attended by, or productive of, a corresponding change, both mental and physical, in the Marsdens. The father had, at first, almost sunk beneath the blow; but he had striven, he had prayed too for strength to bear the weighty burden, and he had rallied. Nevertheless, he was changed. The struggle had added wrinkles to his brow, had bent his body—not very perceptibly perhaps, but it *had* bent it—and sprinkled his head with grey hairs. To use the emphatic language of the psalmist, it had "weakened his strength in the way," and had probably "shortened his days." He had so long rested in almost supine contentment, and yet contentment is scarcely the fitting word—in supine indifference and inertness, in the enjoyment of the good things of God's providence, that the sudden deprivation had left him, for the time, helpless. Like a man roughly aroused from a sound sleep and a pleasant dream, his mental faculties had been bewildered, benumbed, and beclouded. But from this condition he was returning to a perception of surrounding objects, and to a just appreciation of his own position.

Basil was changed. From a merry, light-hearted boy, he had, in a few months, shot up into a thoughtful man. The expression of his countenance was altered; his hopes, aspirations, and feelings, though not dried up, had been forced into another channel. Like a river, they had formerly flowed gently and meanderingly through flowery

fields of fancy—now they had to force their way through rocky defiles of doubts and difficulties; but though the current was impeded, it was neither turned back nor sensibly diminished.

A more unfavourable school for the intellect or the soul than that in which Basil had for many weeks been placed could scarcely have been found, though diligently sought. And yet, from the door of the Fleet prison, when opened to permit the egress of father and son, Basil had retired, not only uncontaminated, but instructed and strengthened. If he had witnessed evil there, in the profligacy of some, in the reckless disregard of others, and in the lax morality which imprisonment for debt (we write advisedly) is almost certain to engender, he had been triply armed against its influences. He went there to comfort and support an earthly parent, in honour and love and filial obedience; and it is not wild nor fantastic to believe that a shield of heavenly approbation interposed between him and the teaching which would have otherwise caused him to err; because we believe, also, that where God leads, there *must* be safety.

Basil Marsden's temporary connection with the imprisoned man of letters had been in many ways beneficial to him. It had gently introduced him to habits of application where all, or almost all, around him tended to dissipation: but it had done more than this. From the conversation of Mr. Douglas, and his occasional scraps of worldly experience, the youth had gathered fruitful seed for future harvests of his own.

Even the boyish fancy which had faintly stamped the image of Rosa Douglas on Basil's imagination might be not only harmless, but salutary. He knew but little, certainly, of Rosa Douglas, except that she had an attractive face and a pleasant voice; but his wandering thoughts had endowed her with mental and moral charms. Probably he should never see Rosa again: he did not expect that he should: the temporary connection between himself and her father was severed, and Basil did not even know in what part of wide London the author's habitation was to be found. If a sigh escaped him when he thought that the vision had for ever vanished, it was not a forlorn and heart-broken sigh. I trust that Basil was, as yet, heart-whole. But, for all that, there was a scrap of paper, carefully folded and safely secreted in his pocket-book, with which Basil Marsden would not willingly have parted. It was not much; nay, to all intents and purposes, it was valueless: it was only a scrap of returned copy; but it was in Rosa's hand-writing. We have again wandered from Willow-lodge; but the latter part of this chapter may be needful to our history. We entreat you, reader, to believe that it is so.

#### AN INTERESTING INHABITANT OF WALLACHIA.

WALLACHIA, so recently one of the seats of war, has for many years past exported into western Europe enormous quantities of a little blood-sucking aquatic creature, with the properties of which all, we imagine, are acquainted; many, too, from personal experience: we allude to the leech. We need not say that millions of these creatures

are medicinally employed, not only in our island, but in France and over the continent of Europe generally; still, few persons know, or inquire, whence they are obtained. Perhaps, therefore, a little information on this subject may not be unacceptable.

We may then commence by observing that there are two species of leech in medicinal use—one commonly called the Hungarian or green leech (*sanguisuga officinalis*)—and the other the German leech, the brown leech, the English leech, etc., (*s. medicinalis*). The former species is chiefly confined to the south-east of Europe, the latter to the west. Before the drainage of the ponds and marshes in our island, the *s. medicinalis* was common, but it is now rare, and we have reason to believe that few or no English leeches are brought at the present time into the market. All are imported, and first pass through the hands of wholesale dealers. They are obtained in Sweden, Russia, Poland, Hungary, and Wallachia. Some years since, the marshes of La Brenne (Pays d'Indre) afforded an extensive supply to France, and a large surplus for exportation; but of late years this resource has greatly diminished, and Wallachia now contributes the produce of her lakes to France, as also to our own country.

Kohl, in his work on "Anstria," gives an interesting account of the Wallachian leech fisheries. "On arriving," he says, "at the inn of Tergovod (Tergovist), our host informed me that, if I had come a little earlier, I might have seen a wagon-load of leeches with which a Frenchman had passed through in the morning. He added that he had for many years furnished horses for these French leech dealers, and that these objects of traffic (the leeches) were obtained mostly from Wallachia; Hungary being no longer able to supply the demand of Paris for leeches, any more than Vienna for that of beef."

This leech trade is quite a regular business, and the loaded wagons pass from stage to stage through all Hungary, Austria, and Germany, on their direct route to Paris. The French traders are supposed to belong all to one company, some members of which reside in Orsova, where they contrive to get the leeches smuggled in small parcels from Wallachia, whence their free exportation is prohibited. At Orsova they have a large sheet of water in which they collect all they obtain, and from this they transport them to Paris, in the space, it is said, of fourteen days.

The wagons are very artfully constructed to meet the purpose for which they are intended: they are in the form of a huge chest, pierced with holes, and divided inside, by a kind of trellis-work, into a great number of compartments, each capable of containing a bag weighing six okkas, that is, sixteen pounds and a half of leeches. This chest is very nicely adjusted on springs to avoid jolting.

The leeches, when first taken from the ponds, are put into the bags, and hung up to dry in the air; for they must not be carried wet. They then, under this treatment, roll themselves up into ball-like masses, and remain in a sort of torpid state during the journey. A hundred-weight of leeches costs the French dealer in

Orsova four or five hundred florins, and the value of ten or fifteen thousand florins is often carried at one journey.

This trade in leeches is one of the most delicate and critical that can be imagined. Should the weather be very sultry, the greater part of the cargo dies on the road, and a frost suddenly coming on is equally fatal; moderately cool weather is that which best agrees with them. In order that there may be no delay on the journey, the traders agree with the peasants of the villages they pass through, or with the landlords of various inns, to have the required number of horses in readiness; and they send some one forward, or make some signal previously agreed on, such as cracking their whips in a particular manner, to announce their arrival. When this is heard, the people hurry out, and have the horses ready on the road by the time the wagon comes up. In many places on the way, as at Baya on the Danube, French traders are settled, who have ponds in which the leeches can be refreshed after the journey, those which have died on the road being previously carefully picked out. Such is the mode in which this sort of merchandise is carried from Wallachia to Paris, where the leeches are often sold for half a florin apiece.

"In some places," says Kohl, "there are regular leech plantations, in which the creatures are bred: these are large ponds, the banks of which are covered with turf, the aromatic reed *calamus aromaticus*—a plant considered to be peculiarly wholesome for them—being often planted there."

Leeches, after being caught, sometimes die by thousands, in spite of all the care taken of them, without any assignable cause. Something, it would appear, depends on the mode of catching them. The French often fish for them with Russia leather, probably smeared with a substance attractive to the leeches, for they fall on and cling to the bait with the utmost eagerness. Others are caught with sieves, which some of the dealers regard as the best method. "Great," says Kohl, "is the trade of leeches in Wallachia and Poland, and formerly in Hungary; but it is now declining there. Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, and the whole north of Germany, are furnished from Poland, and many barrels of them go *via* Hamburg to London, where they fetch a much higher price, often five or six times as much as in Berlin." Some idea of the importance of the leech trade may be imagined from the fact, that four only of the principal dealers in London import 7,200,000 annually, while in Paris alone 3,000,000 are annually used.

The growth of leeches is astonishingly slow: in the space of five years their increase of size is scarcely perceptible. With regard to those kept abroad in tanks, it is necessary on the approach of winter to take them from the ponds for fear of frost, and put them into vessels in underground cellars, with a layer of clay alternating between every layer of leeches.

Leeches may be kept for a long time without ostensible food; while at the same time their eagerness for blood is a sufficient proof of their natural voracity. In their native ponds or marshes, however, they cannot have many opportunities of attacking man or quadrupeds; and as they do not appear to take solid nutriment, we may suppose

that they suck the fluids of decomposing animal bodies, or those of fishes, frogs, water-newts, etc., and also devour microscopic animalcules.

The leech breeders of Bretagne (in France) were in the habit of driving horses and cattle into the ponds in order to give the leeches an opportunity of satisfying themselves with blood; but this was done at the expense of the cattle, which from a frequent repetition of this depletion became as meagre and as miserable as the leech-catchers, to whose naked legs, as they wade in their haunts, these creatures adhere in numbers, and are thence detached and secured. But of late years, as intimated, the leech-catcher's occupation in France has greatly fallen off—that country depending, almost as much as England, on foreign supplies.

#### THE DYING GIRL.

My eyes are very dim, mother,  
I cannot see you right;  
Sit near, and read my favourite hymn,  
For I shall die to-night.

"Jesus who lived,"—yes, that, mother,  
I learned it on your knee;  
Well I remember where you sat  
When first you taught it me.

O! yes, read on and on, mother,  
The words that Jesus said;  
And think, long after I am gone,  
He bore our sins instead.

Is the rush candle out, mother?  
For all is midnight dark;  
Oh, take my hand—I will not doubt:  
See, mother—mother, hark!

Oh bright and blessed things, mother,  
My soul it is that sees!  
Yet feel you not the rush of wings  
Makes musical the breeze?

Kind faces throng the room, mother,  
And gentle loving eyes:  
Dost thou not hear, "Come, sister, come,"  
My welcome to the skies?

Is this the happy land, mother?  
My heart is almost still,—  
The childless mother felt her hand  
All in a moment chill.

REV. E. H. DICKERSTETH.

I AM TOO YOUNG.—At this season, dear reader, no doubt, frequent and earnest appeals are made by your minister to you. You attempt to delay the decision of the great question of decision for God, by saying, "I am too young;" but this is no excuse in other matters. If the theatre, the opera, or the ball-room, display their attractions, you are not too young to indulge in them. You do not by the same declaration postpone any worldly gratification. You are not too young to know that you are a sinner, to be weary under the burden of unpardoned guilt, to experience the strivings of God's Spirit, to feel uneasy at the prospect of eternity. You are not too young to die, and to stand without an interceding Saviour at the bar of God. Your early age will not prevent your eternal perdition, if you have not secured the salvation of your soul. Look how wrong this excuse is. If you are too young to obey the call, it certainly would not be given. All the invitations of God's word, all his promises, all his assurances of guidance and support, are peculiarly addressed to the young; and there is no sight so pleasing as that of a young and tender heart submitting to the yoke of Christ. If you feel that God is striving with you, do not resist. Do not say, I am too young; he knows better than you do whom he wants. Oh, listen then to his gentle call; and when he says to you, as he did to David, "Seek ye my face," reply with him, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

#### GOLOWIN'S BANISHMENT TO SIBERIA.

FROM THE GERMAN.

##### CHAPTER IV

THE exiles had not long returned to their hut when they felt thankful to be under shelter. A fearful storm gathered in the clear firmament, and produced such penetrating cold that even the thick walls of the hut did not afford sufficient shelter. The damp wood of the branches became frozen, and cracked and creaked in a strange way. In spite of the careful stopping up of the crevices, the icy blasts penetrated through innumerable small apertures, and cut the faces and hands of those exposed to them. The exiles only once opened the door to view the storm, but were glad to return to their fire as soon as possible; for the cold suddenly became so formidable that it seemed to petrify the very marrow of their bones, and instantly changed the breath issuing from the mouth or nose into icicles. Besides, the icicles flew with the storm, from the waving trees, against every part of the body exposed to it, and caused such pain in the eyes that they could scarcely be kept open.

Mingled with the fury of the northern storm was the howling of innumerable wolves, and other animals, who roved through the wood, desperate with hunger and the perishing cold. "Heaven be praised, we are at home," said Golowin, horror-struck by the formidable aspect of nature; "had we delayed an hour longer we should probably all have perished."

The violence of the storm continued during the next day, and with it the cold increased so greatly that it was utterly impossible to remain in the open air more than a minute. The exiles now perceived that the Siberian winter had set in. Though accustomed to endure rough weather, their bodies were not fitted to encounter such a formidable temperature; for the cold descends here to 50° below zero by Fahrenheit's thermometer, so that the quicksilver freezes. Our friends had at this time no means of ascertaining this, but were informed of it afterwards. Sensation, however, convinced them that the temperature was altogether unbearable by man.

They constantly kept up, by day and night, the largest fire; but, even with this, the exiles did not succeed in thoroughly warming the whole inner space, and only by completely enveloping themselves in fur skins was it possible to keep tolerably warm. They saw with anxiety how rapidly their store of wood was diminishing. This conviction, together with the duty imposed on them of furnishing a certain number of skins, made it necessary to sally forth before long; but with their present clothing this was impossible.

Lomineff, the pilot, then turned his experience to account. During his long voyages in the arctic regions he had learnt the art and fashion by which the Greenlanders, and other polar inhabitants, protect themselves against the cold. He showed his companions how the outer garment of the Greenlanders was made; how their masks left only the eyes uncovered; how they prepared their fur boots; and how they guarded their eyes from painful and dangerous injury from icicles by a kind of spectacles of mica, which in these regions is found about



ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

the mountains. Golowin and Romanow now discovered the value of the present made by the governor of Tobolsk. The needles, scissors, knives, twine, and thimbles, were the means of preparing the clothes required by the climate; and after a few days they could venture into the open air in their fur boots and overcoats.

The storm had past, the wind had abated, and the cold had set in. They now felt strong; they could breathe the air with caution; and each put on a mask, from whence their breath issued like snow-white circles. Their limbs were kept warm in the thick fur coverings, and when the glove was settled on the arm, and fitted tight to the fingers and thumb, its fur did not interfere with their use. They immediately recommenced work, which was doubly wearisome, as the storm and mischievous beasts had destroyed all the traps and

iron frames. It was a happy circumstance that they had fixed their dwelling just on this spot, for there was an inexhaustible supply of fur animals. On one day they caught nineteen sables, eleven ermines, and among the sables were four jet black ones, which are worth three times as much as the others. On this account the neighbourhood was also infested by numerous beasts of prey, so that the danger was equal to the profit.

Two of them were obliged constantly to be seeking for firewood. The last storm had torn up many trees and broken off immense branches. The severe cold and withering winds had made this wood in a few days perfectly dry and fit for burning, so that materials for fire were not lacking, if the exiles would only take the trouble to collect them before the next fall of snow.

They continued to improve the interior of their



hut. Sajew contrived many conveniences for his companions. He made a table and chairs; floored part of the hut with wood; made wooden stretchers on which the skins could be dried; and erected large shelves outside the hut, on which to place the skins for drying in the wind. He also contrived a chimney.

The nights were now lengthening, and it was needful to use the short daylight in hunting. One evening the exiles observed an unusually bright light in the sky; they therefore left their hut, and enjoyed a sublime and wonderful sight. On the other side of the river, towards the north, the whole heaven was illuminated and glowed like fire. Coloured beams of light rose slowly and majestically in the north, became concentrated in the zenith like an illuminated crown, and thence shot forth coruscations of beams in all directions, like rockets crossing the rays of light. An audible explosion sounded in the air, and the majestic appearance became so intensely brilliant that the country round was enlightened more brightly than by moonlight.

This was the first northern light the exiles had seen this winter. It passed away in the later twilight and returned every evening, most gloriously compensating the want of sunshine in the long, dreary, arctic night. How did the poor exiles praise that kind God of providence who has created in regions of ice and snow this new and wonderful enlightener, where by the spherical form of our earth the sunbeams cannot shed their beneficent blessings during so long a time.

Sajew, in his excursions about the mountains, had at last discovered a vein which bore signs of the presence of mica\* glass. In order to obtain it they must blow up the hard rock. In this emergency Stroganow was useful, being the only one who understood mining. One fine day he went out with his comrades, and with their aid found the vein. After several hours' hard labour they succeeded in splitting a very clear slab, of more than three feet long and corresponding width. All they could get they carefully collected and took away. It was extremely useful to them in the preparation of spectacles, as they suffered painfully in the eyes. The active clever Sajew made window-frames out of the hard maple wood, and they succeeded in putting two small windows to the inner and outer doors, and a larger window over the fire-place. This labour they accomplished in one day. Sajew also furnished the larger window with a shutter made of birch wood; thus the poor exiles enjoyed the comfort of cheerful daylight, though only five hours long. What a blessing this was our readers may conceive; for they had nothing properly fitted for lighting, and were compelled to burn disgusting hare and other animal fat in their brass balls, and when these went out they could only work by the firelight.

Romanow and Golowin went out the following day with the sledge and axes to split a maple tree which the storm had overthrown, wishing to convert the hard dry wood into a shed. After a few strokes the tree, which still hung by some of its

branches, fell to the earth; when suddenly both became aware of their danger of being seized by one of the bears of that country. These bears are known to lie dormant, during the period of severest cold, in the thickets, caves, or hollows of trees; but, as soon as anything disturbs their repose, they break forth on the enemy furiously, and are by no means frozen up, as was once supposed.

Golowin called out to Romanow to be upon his guard. Both were watchful, but nothing was visible in the thicket; suddenly, however, Romanow saw an enormous brown bear rush out of the bushes near them. The next moment the wild beast caught him between his paws and threw him down. The monster walked over him, and tore his clothes from his breast with his teeth.

Golowin beheld this, but was not terrified. Misfortune had strengthened his courage. To spring forward, and bury his axe in the brain of the bear with his whole strength, was the work of a moment. The blow was so fortunate and well-directed that the bear fell down with one hideous growl. Golowin's axe remained firmly stuck in his skull, being snatched from his hand by the bear's violent struggle. Golowin was resolved to rescue his young friend, and seized the other axe lying on the ground. Romanow, meantime, with the strength of despair, struggled beneath the weight of the bear, who unexpectedly gave a turn, and lay expiring on the snow, and thus released him. They embraced and kissed each other with tears of joy and loud sobs, after which they took the lances from their sides and put an end to the beast, who could make no resistance.

Romanow now felt, for the first time, that he was wounded in the neck and breast. Golowin quickly removed the wood from the sledge and loaded it with the dead beast. He then helped Romanow, who could not walk from weakness, laid him upon the bear, gave him the spear and hatchet, and returned with his strange burden. Fortunately the place where this formidable adventure occurred was not far distant from the hut. When Golowin drew near, he called aloud for help. Their companions were at home, occupied with sorting the wild animals captured by them. They hastened forth in surprise, and regarded the arrival with amaze; then hastened to give their aid in bringing the sledge up the hill, lifted their wounded friend upon his bed, and cut up the bear. When they had prepared the game, which was quite fat and warm, they listened to the story of the adventure with wonder.

Romanow had two painful bites on his breast and a deep wound on his neck. His fur coat was almost destroyed; but the injury he sustained was slight in comparison with the frightful danger which he had escaped, through the courage of his friend.

#### MY STREET-DOOR KNOCKER.

KNOCKERS, like many other things which make less noise in the world, have their constitutional peculiarities and idiosyncrasies; and there is no denying, further, that they have their aristocracies and their third estates, and are divided into as many classes and orders as is that society for whose especial information their detonating utterances

\* Mica is a clear stone, found in the primitive rocks, and is especially plentiful in Siberia, where it is like pure glass. It is in strata, and can be easily split, and used like our plate glass.

are intended. There is your ponderous west-end knocker, glittering in burnished brass, with a voice that resounds through saloon and antechamber, telling of the arrival of a grand and magnificent equipage, with attendants in powder and golden livery, and artificial calves silk-swathed—and my lord himself, with half-a-dozen diamond stars upon his spriggy waistcoat. There is the rusty iron knocker (which you might suspect, from its shape, to have been hastily fashioned from a loose link of a cashièred chain cable), whose oxydized nose flumps with sepulchral thump upon the door of the common lodging-house in Liquorpond-lane, announcing that the boy has brought half-a-hundred of coals for the two-pair back; or that the weekly turf for the blackbird at the garret window waits to be paid for; or that limping Lawrence the pot-boy is come to collect last night's pewter; or that Mrs. Greevins, the barber's widow, has come home from her day's charing; or any other news of equally vital importance. And between these two extremes there are knockers of every imaginable variety of profession and pretension, which, inasmuch as their familiar forms will naturally present themselves to the reader's fancy, we need not be at the pains to particularise.

My street-door knocker ranks midway between these two extremes. He is neither of burnished brass nor of beggarly old iron, but a creature of unpretentious yet respectable bronze. He is too considerate to shock the nerves of my whole household by rivalling the roar of artillery, while at the same time he is too well fitted for the importance of his function to perform it in a mealy-mouthed manner. As I sit in my back parlour he transmits in clear tones the information he has to communicate, and without making any unnecessary fuss about it, puts me in possession of not a few particulars, of which, but for his faithful response to the touch of all and sundry who lay fingers upon him, I should remain ignorant.

It may be thought that a single knock at a man's street-door is a simple matter enough, and can be resolved into nothing more or less than a single knock, and there an end—a most unphilosophical conclusion. Single knocks are as various in essence as single men and single women, or any other class of things single and double under the sun; and if any man, who has a knocker whose acquaintance is worth cultivating, will take the trouble to cultivate that acquaintance, the chances are that he shall derive therefrom a species of psychological knowledge which he is hardly likely to derive from any other source. Talk of phrenology, and chiromancy, and palmistry, and such stuff—I should like to know when any satisfactory knowledge was derived from them, and what it was like; but the knocker never is guilty of deceit. No; Knockology—if I may be allowed to coin a word as a designation for a new science—is assuredly a true science, and since its lessons are given gratis, and received without loss of time, it is one in which a general proficiency may be obtained without much trouble.

Let us listen now, for a few minutes, to these lessons which that unsalaried professor, the world out-of-doors, will accord for our instruction. First comes a single dab—not a rap, mark you, nor even a knock, justly so termed, which ranks between the dab and the rap—but a dab, and nothing but a

dab, falling flump from fingers which have troubled themselves no further than to lift the knocker from its pendent position by an upward thrust. If your ear did not play you false, you were aware that that single dab was not strictly single, but was followed instantaneously by the gentlest touch, the effect of a short rebound of the knocker upon its bed. Now you must perceive that this was a child's knock, and from its loud independent tone you will have judged that it was the knock of some privileged urchin, who, though he can only reach high enough to thrust the knocker upwards, does that with a boldness which can be the result only of long habit and impunity. If you go to the door you will find that it is the news-boy with this morning's "Times," and that he is whistling to wile away the moments until the door opens. The next is a single knock, too; but mark how different—it is a decided *rap*, the very antithesis of the flump—sharp, quick, decisive, energetic, and followed by no rebound, but, on the contrary, a remarkable and emphatic silence, occasioned by the pressure of the striker's strong hand upon the instrument, by which pressure the vibration of the door-panel is prevented. That is a man's knock—you know it to be so as well as if you saw the performance—and on opening you will find it is the butcher, come for the morning's orders. Again, a single knock; but this time very loud, and followed by a couple of gently echoing rebounds, because the striker has drawn the knocker towards him and hurled it against the door, with the intention that its voice should penetrate as far as the back kitchen, or even to the garden, should Betty happen to be there hanging out the clothes on a washing-day. Of course it is the costermonger; look! you can see his cart drawn up before the door.

Of double knocks there is the postman's, which all the world knows to be two single knocks thumped into one, and which, to the immediate comprehension of every one, says, "Here's a letter—come and fetch it." The tax-gatherer's is altogether different, and more deliberate. He is not in such a hurry, and can afford to wait a few moments; but there is officiality in his fingers' ends, and the concluding blow comes down like a decisive argument not to be refuted, as much as to say, "You can make me call again if you like; but you *must* pay in the end, my fine fellow." Then there is the water-rate collector's knock; don't you hear that it sounds like a gentle gurgle, as though it had knocked hard this morning early at the fountain-head, and came to your door through the main, per favour of the turncock? Next comes a knock which you hardly know whether to call single or double, of such a doubtful description is it; and you know, if you are an adept, from that very fact, that it is somebody seeking a favour at your hands—either the grocer, who has a sum to make up and will be obliged if you will settle that little bill, though he is ashamed to dun you who are such a regular paymaster—or perhaps it is the new buttermen, who having succeeded to the business of the late Mr. Daisy, with whom you have dealt so many years, is come to solicit your custom at the same establishment.

When knocks extend beyond the double, there is no knowing where they will stop. I have an

eccentric friend who never drops the knocker from his fingers till he hears some one coming to answer it. Treble knocks are rare; quadruple ones are more common; but the polysyllabic utterances of the knocker embrace a very wide range after they pass the double. Still they are just as easy of interpretation. Hark! There is a low, rapid rumble of small sounds, like a distant drum, finishing with a smart outspoken bang. That is a professional knock, and I know it to be that of young Mr. Parnel, the artist, who gives my Annie her drawing lesson this morning; he knocks with the same muscular motion with which he stipples the back-ground to a head. Tomorrow, at the same hour, Mr. Minim, the pianist, will be here, and announce himself with a "Tittlety-tootlety-tattlety-tot," because he must play tunes upon everything, and the knocker is no exception. But listen once more. There is a gentle succession of unequal but rapid touches, then a pause of a second or so, followed by a low, lingering single tap. Now I know as well as possible that that is poor widow Parker, who has lost well-nigh everything she possessed in the world by the loss of her husband, who died a few months ago, and who is come to consult me on some one or other of her thousand troubles. The first rapid but soft touches were the habitual old knock with which she used to come in the days of her prosperity; the sudden pause was eloquent of the sense of her recent loss, as was the soft concluding tap of that cloud of adversity which now overshadows her.

"Tan-ta-ra-ra-rumble-racketty-bang!" There is no mistaking that, at any rate—that's my friend Tom Forster. Tom is so full of exuberant life that he wakes up everybody and everything he comes near. He is in high spirits to-day; the fellow is always in high spirits. But what is this he has brought me? A presentation for the widow Parker's son to the — grammar-school, and ten pounds he has raised by subscription for the boy's outfit! Well done, my dear Tom! knock as loud as you like. My dear Mrs. Parker, look here! Stop! there's another knock: who can that be, that lets the knocker slip through her fingers before it has half spoken, and then takes it in hand again? Who should it be but little Jessie Primrose? I knew it. Good morning, Jessie! allow me to introduce you—Mr. Forster, Miss Prim—Why, you rogues, you are laughing at me with your eyes! Old acquaintances, eh? Well, I'm glad of it. Really! is that a fact you tell me, Jessie? then you have provided for the widow as well as her boy. That is indeed good news.

And so on in a dozen other instances. Character may be read even in a knock at the door.

#### A VISIT TO THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS AT LEWES.

At the foot and on the eastern slope of one of those chalk hills which, extending in long undulating lines, or spread in wider areas, form the fine and principal characteristic of the eastern half of southern England, stands Lewes, the county town of Sussex. Many towns in this our island home have from hamlets grown to cities, and by

objects of present interest invite the attention of the traveller, or allure the steps of the holiday maker. Others retain their standing only in recognition of their former greatness. Many towns show, in the long line of England's story, some fact, some life, some epoch, which links their fields and stones to the fortunes of Britain, which gives interest to their name, and value to the crumbling walls, and constitutes their local heir-loom. But in every phase of England's history, under each of its dominant races—amid foreign aggression, political struggle, intestine warfare, religious animosity, and in the happier circumstances which foster peaceful association and industrial art—Lewes has borne a part, and of each boasts many a monument, and retains many a record and tradition.

Local historians tell of the British origin, the Celtic name, and of the Saxon prosperity of this ancient town; and resuscitated treasures and ancient record seem to support the claim. From the castle, whose ruins still crown its highest hill, the proud son-in-law of the conqueror, William de Warrenne, and, if her epitaph speak true, his pious wife, looked down upon a noble scene of wood and meadow, hill and vale. At the distance of full many a mile could they have discerned if the rising of the half-vanquished Saxon threatened the dominion of the Norman lord. In the streets and neighbourhood of Lewes was waged that warfare between king Henry III and his barons, to whose fierce strife, more than to any other human cause, we owe the blessings of freedom and prosperity. Many a subsequent event couples the name of Lewes with England's perils and with England's safety; but in later years no note of war has disturbed its comfortable dwellings, no trophy of victory has been borne along its streets. Archaeologists have calmly ransacked its depositories of the past, and as if, indeed, the sword had been turned into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook, agricultural implements have been annually paraded through its thoroughfares. Railway transit—that master spirit of a bloodless revolution—which has indeed in our day been seen

"To lift the low,  
And level lay the lofty brow;"

which has turned many an open field, where lately were heard only the ploughman's whistle and the lark's shrill carol, into the crowded city resounding with the hum of busy men and whirl of hastening wheels; and again has reduced to still seclusion the cheerful town where once we heard the bugle of the mailcoach-guard, and looked out to see the four fine bays which dashed along the streets where the Star, the White Hart, or the Lion Gules invited the weary and the wealthy to their comfortable domain—this, too, has not rendered Lewes a place that was. It forms a point of junction whence branch out lines which carry travellers to some of the ports, and to more of the places, where in winter we seek warmth, and in summer fresh air and recreation.

A new object of interest, springing out of the war in which we are engaged, has recently attracted much attention and many visitors to the ancient town of Lewes. The county gaol of the place—a large, airy, and commodious building, situated not far from the High-street, in a part of the town

now populous, but which was at the time of its erection in 1793 surrounded by fields—was found insufficient for the accommodation of its inmates when any unusual circumstances greatly added to their average number. On other accounts, also, it was deemed unsuited to the improved system of penitentiary discipline. A new building was accordingly erected, and the old gaol being neither pulled down nor converted to any other use, it seemed to offer a convenient and ready domicile when the success of the allied arms in the Baltic rendered requisite a place of reception for prisoners taken in the Russian war.

Those of our readers, from whose minds the deeper interest excited by the mournful details from the Crimea has not effaced the recollections of the comparatively bloodless struggle in the Baltic, will remember that, early on the morning of the 16th of last August, the fortress of Bomarsund, on the rocky island of Aland, surrendered to the allied forces of England and France. Upwards of two thousand prisoners laid down their arms, and were immediately embarked. Of these about four hundred are now at Lewes. They belonged to the regular Russian army, and formed part of a regiment of Finnish grenadier rifles; being what are generally termed sharpshooters. Among them are, or were recently, nine officers, who were placed on their parole, and allowed to live in private lodgings in the town. Two of them are accompanied by their wives. There were also two civilians. The majority, however, of the prisoners within the walls of the gaol are, of course, soldiers of the same social rank as the ordinary privates of our own army. There are, likewise, some cadets, as well as persons serving as volunteers, and drawn from the higher grades of society. Upon these the evils of imprisonment, however mitigated by kindness and abundant rations, fall heavily. Two of the privates have their wives with them. These are lodged in the married wards, and the women are allowed to go into the town to make purchases, everything they bring back being strictly examined.

The officers are all of German or French extraction. Their manners and habits of course resemble those which are usual among the upper classes of society on the continent of Europe. It is whispered that they are inveterate smokers, not even quite desisting at their repasts. They receive much attention and many invitations from the gentry of the neighbourhood. The tedium of some of them also has been cheered by tidings of promotion granted them by the czar, who has also liberally provided them with funds—a circumstance which is not belied by the apparent state of their expenditure. The wife of one of these officers has lately, we may observe, given birth to an infant. Considerable discussion has been held in the neighbourhood as to the nationality of the little stranger, and the circumstance that the mother is free, and a voluntary resident among us, has been thought to turn the scale in favour of its being an English subject.

The privates, with the exception of three or four Russians sent to Lewes from Portsmouth for change of air, are Finns. As regards personal appearance, they are almost all short men, the average height being five feet five inches, while

their age, generally speaking, seems to be about twenty-five years. They have all round heads, and now that they have lost the underfed and squalid look that many of them had on first arriving, their faces are plump and full. Their hair is light and bristling, standing back so far as to impart to them a character of baldness. A sandy complexion, with large grey eyes, completes their portrait. Although they have a heavy and, at first sight, unprepossessing appearance, on further inspection their countenances are found not wanting in intelligence, and there is nothing which conveys an impression of brutality or cunning. The bulk of them entered the czar's army, it appears, about four years ago, their regiment having been then fresh raised. The prisoners are said to be gentle and tractable, as well as kind and courteous to each other. When seen in the discharge of different household employments allotted to them, and in the works voluntarily undertaken, they appear active, industrious, and methodical. But that which particularly interests every one who has the opportunity of witnessing it, is the apparently devout manner in which they chant their hymn of grace at meals. The accuracy of ear evidenced by them, as well as the propriety of the custom, dispels any unfavourable impression to which the heaviness of their countenances might otherwise give rise. Most, if not all, of the prisoners can read, and are fond of doing so. About one-eighth of the Finnish prisoners can speak Swedish, in addition to their own language; while only one-third of them use the Russian tongue.

The privates continue to wear the dress in which they were captured. The coat is made of greenish-grey felt, and looks very much like a rough dressing gown. It is long, and buttons down the front. The back is set into the collar in plaits, which are confined at the waist by lappels fastened to the side and buttoning in the middle of the back. On the shoulder are blue cloth lappels with the letters T. C. in white. On the rim of the plain cloth cap is a number. The trousers are of coarse blue cloth, the legs of which are stuffed into large loose boots reaching nearly to the knee. Some, however, have followed the English fashion since their arrival in Lewes, and draw on their boots beneath their trousers. Certainly nothing could look less animating and attractive on a parade than this ugly dress, and a recruiting sergeant in our own streets would have poor success if he made his rounds in such a costume. But, on the other hand, it seems to us that few modes of attire could be more easy to the wearer, or better suited to the sharp frosts and midnight exposure of a northern winter. At all events, it has the recommendation of inexpensiveness, and none could be less likely to attract the notice of the enemy, or excite the cupidity of the plunderer. It is calculated for the business, not the *prestige*, of a military life.

The two women whom we saw appeared very gentle, and were both good-looking. Their dress was pretty. It consisted of a long-waisted gown, with an open bodice, the space being filled by a dark cotton handkerchief. A folded bright silk handkerchief, crossed beneath the chin, covered the head. Their hair was dressed in the same way as that which is usual in England. We may



mention, for the benefit of our female readers, that the little baby looked pale, but was lively.

The prisoners sleep in stone wards, warmed by hot-water pipes. Great cleanliness pervades the whole establishment. There is a large kitchen, in which you may see them employed in preparing food and in clearing it away after dinner. All seems to go forward with the greatest order and regularity. At one o'clock the prisoners enter the part of the building which serves for both chapel and dining-room. The governor, lieutenant Mann, at the same time enters the pulpit gallery, his secretary taking his place beside him. On the day we saw them, when all was arranged, they chanted a hymn, in a standing posture, the effect of which was very beautiful. At a signal from the secretary, they then sat down, and the business of dinner commenced with great activity. Each had a plate, basin, knife, fork, and spoon. Cans of soup were placed at regular intervals. Then came dishes of beef and potatoes. While some carved, the others helped themselves to salt, on a scale somewhat unusual to English eyes. We could not help feeling astonished at the enormous quantities of this article which they were preparing to consume; more, indeed, than we had before supposed it could be agreeable to any person to take during even many meals. The prisoners, we may add, are said to be well satisfied with their food, which, indeed, is wholesome and ample.

There is in the establishment, we were happy to find, a large reading-room for the use of the prisoners, with desks, forms, and shelves. There are also baths and workshops. On the doors of the latter are names inscribed, marking the calling carried on within, such as hair-dresser, shoe-maker, tailor, etc. In an open shed attached to one of the prison yards we found a large number of men busy in carving small pieces of deal. These they transformed into playthings and rude ornaments, but chiefly into a variety of ingenious puzzles, in the form of crosses, towers, wreaths, and eagles. Another covered shed is arranged as a bazaar for the sale of these goods. The well-known skill of Russian peasants, in making articles by the aid of the knife, has been greatly developed since their captivity; and it is said that some things of superior workmanship are in progress which, when completed, will be forwarded to very high circles.

The profits derived from the sale of these objects has hitherto been large, the influx of visitors, especially from Brighton, having been very great. On one day, indeed, these visitants amounted to fifteen hundred, and the proportion of purchasers was considerable. The prisoners have thus been enabled to provide themselves with many comforts; and it can scarcely be grudged that they have availed themselves of the funds thus unexpectedly raised to them to provide various means of mitigating the trials of captivity and warding off ennui. Among other sales effected, we heard that a warden, on one occasion, received a commission to purchase no fewer than a *hundred and seventeen* little looking-glasses. A considerable smartening up has certainly taken place among some of the inmates. But the novelty of the prisoners and their workmanship will soon wear off; the number of visitors already diminishes; winter will keep tourists and sight-seers at home; and the demand upon our

purses made in other quarters, for sufferers greater and nearer to our hearts than these, will leave us little to spare.

The prisoners are in general strictly confined within the prison walls, but on one occasion they were indulged with a walk on the hills, to enjoy the fine breezes in which the South Downs are almost unrivalled. On first receiving an intimation that they were to be taken out, they wept and wrung their hands, supposing that they were to be led to execution; so little did they then understand the dispositions of Englishmen.

The prisoners, we were glad to find, appeared to be happy; their health having much improved since they came to Lewes. The officers maintain a strict reserve on the subject of the war, and some of them have appeared much depressed. They occasionally wear dark blue uniforms with silver decorations; but they are in general in undress, and look much like other gentlemen. An excellent state of feeling towards them pervades the town, and nothing is done which could pain them. Even the boys, who, on the 5th of November, hold a sort of English carnival in the usually quiet streets of Lewes, out of respect to their captive guests abstained from burning, among the effigies of other objects of their dislike, that of the emperor of Russia.

Visitors, we may add, are admitted to the prison on all days of the week, except Sunday and Thursday, which last is the Sabbath day of the prisoners, in common with other adherents to the old style. Efforts have been made to communicate to them spiritual instruction; and let us hope that when permitted, by the return of peace, to depart to their native land, the recollection of English kindness, and the impressions made by English manners, may serve as seeds which shall develop themselves at some future day, and ripen in blessings to that country with whose ruler we are now at war.

#### THE ROLLS HOUSE AND ITS RECORDS.

THE curious origin of this repository of public records is probably known to few of our readers. We learn, from the Memoir of Lord Langdale, who, until his recent decease, had been for many years master of the rolls, that the Rolls House and chapel formerly formed a portion of the property belonging to the "*Domus Conversorum Judeorum*," founded by Henry III in Chancery-lane, for Jews converted to Christianity. By this royal charter the king gave to these proselytes 700 marks a year, until he could otherwise provide for them; and he subsequently bestowed upon them all the houses, lands, rents, and tenements in London, which were forfeited as an escheat by Constantine, the son of Aluf, who was hanged for felony. In the house thus endowed, the Jews and infidels who had been converted to the Christian faith resided, and were maintained as well as further instructed in the truths of Christianity; and over them was placed a chief, who was called the master of the converts.

Though every encouragement was given to the conversion of the Jews, not only by king Henry, but by his son Edward I, yet very little progress was therein made; those only availing themselves of the advantages thus held out, who found it a

more agreeable mode of maintenance than by work. The numbers of these dishonest men were, however, very few. The Jews being banished from the kingdom in 1290, there became little further need for the establishment in question, and accordingly Edward III granted the house and premises to William Burstall, clerk or keeper of the rolls of chancery, as a place of residence for him and his successors in that office, and for the deposit of records under his charge.

The masters of the rolls continued to reside in this noble old building until the time of sir John Copley, now lord Lyndhurst. Sir John Leach, too, who greatly affected fashion, would never hear of living there; he thought the situation ungentle, though he went to great expense in furnishing the reception-rooms, and occasionally gave great dinners there. It was during his time that the room at Westminster, now occupied for the transaction of business connected with the Queen's Bench, was first taken possession of, many of the records of which were at the same time transferred to the rolls house, so that a sort of exchange was effected. When lord Langdale became master of the rolls, in 1836, all the upper part of the house was so full of the records, which for centuries had been accumulating there, that the floorings were obliged to be supported by numerous strong props; and he accepted the appointment with the understanding that he should not require the house for a residence.

The public records treasured in these repositories exceed those of any other country in antiquity and importance. They begin with domesday-book, and, with the exception of those which have been lost or destroyed in the turbulent reigns of the kings of the Norman line, have been continued to the present time. These records are divided into several classes, and are deposited in about sixty different places. At the commencement of the present century the accumulation had become so vast, while from the disorder in which they were kept they were of so little avail, that a royal commission was issued for the purpose of providing for their better custody and arrangement. This body, after expending vast sums, failed to fulfil what was expected of it, and, being accordingly dissolved, was succeeded by other commissions up to the year 1836, when a parliamentary inquiry took place. By a committee then appointed it was proposed that a building should be constructed on the rolls estate capable of holding all these scattered national muniments; and also that a record keeper should be chosen, who should be made responsible for their safe custody and classification, so that they might henceforth be rendered more easily accessible to the public. The former part of the proposition was carried out about eleven years afterwards on the site specified; while the functions of the record keeper were at once intrusted to lord Langdale, who entered upon the onerous undertaking with commendable zeal and energy. This distinguished law reformer speedily introduced great improvements into this department of public business, and swept away many of the evils and abuses that had so long been a fertile subject of reproach.

Previous to these salutary changes, the public

records being dispersed in upwards of sixty different places of deposit, they were under as many different managements, with the utmost diversity of rule and regulation for their government, as well as for the opening and closing of the repositories. This want of unity and order was attended by great confusion and vexation to the public. Most of the functionaries were paid by fees, which were generally exorbitant in the extreme, amounting in many cases to a denial of justice to the poor litigant; while the literary student was shut out from these valuable materials by the ruinous outlay which any extended researches would involve. The fees for searches varied from 1s. to 5*l.* 5*s.* per diem; for inspection of single documents from 1s. to 16*s.* 8*d.*, and for copies from 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* per folio. But the case was rendered worse by the gross imperfections of the calendars and indexes. They did not refer, it appears, to one-fiftieth part of the contents of the repository to which they respectively belonged. Indeed, they were usually little more than memoranda made by some diligent clerks or antiquaries for their own private use, and left as a kind of heir-loom to the office. The deficiencies of these calendars induced some officials to construct new or to amend the old ones, but to these the public had no access whatever; they were private property; and a search for any particular document or grant was only made by the owner of the calendar himself, upon the payment of an extra fee, ranging in amount from two to ten guineas. The search, however, was only the first step in the scale of fee-taking. Successful or unsuccessful, the applicant was mulcted, and was thus often lured on from stage to stage in this documentary mirage chase, until the fees had amounted to an almost incredible sum. Those who had been taught by costly experience would often make a sort of composition to search the roll for 2*l.*s. Sometimes, too, where an extract of twenty lines or so from the record was all that was required, the applicant was compelled to have the whole document copied, even though at a cost of a hundred guineas or more. Nor did parliament itself escape the extortions of this corrupt system; for a 2*l.* 2*s.* fee was demanded for every document brought before the national senate, and a thousand guineas thus spent in the production of necessary public records was frequently wont to be paid. Happily, these days are now gone by; and for the boon of legal reform in this and other public departments the country is deeply indebted to the late lord Langdale.

#### A DAY'S SIGHT-SEEING IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

JULY 2nd was the day, says Lord Carlisle, in his "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters," for which I had procured a firman to see the chief public buildings. As the whole process, with fees and presents, amounts to about 10*l.*, it is usual to collect a large party to divide the costs. We were tolerably numerous, and I had invited the officers of the Retribution and the Niger, who came in good force. Just as we were starting, a Russian gentleman sent up a request to be

allowed to join us : I thought this slightly perplexing, as the Turks might not have approved at this moment of such a foot in their most sacred places ; but I thought that the proper law of courtesy between all fellow-travellers was on his side. For details on this, as on all other such occasions, I refer to previous describers and handbooks, and only concern myself with prominent impressions. We first went over the seraglio : it has some large rooms with pretty and gay decorations, superior in themselves to the Brighton Pavilion in its royal days, and with its own unparalleled view. The arm-chair of the sultan, when he comes here, which is seldom, commands both the Bosphorus and sea of Marmora. There is one very enjoyable apartment, called, they told us, the cool-room, on a low level, entirely of marble, with fountains in the midst. The terraces and gardens might be lovely with English keeping. They gave me a nosegay of pinks and geraniums. We saw the old throne of state, and the grating through which alone the ambassadors were formerly allowed to communicate with the sultan in the big days of Turkey ; the armoury also, ancient and modern, the first very inferior to count Ziechy's collection at Vienna : they show what they say was the mace of Mahomet II, the feti or conqueror. The present sultan has not lived here ; indeed, there is a sort of rule that no sultan should inhabit this palace unless he has made an addition to the national territory by conquests. We then went to St. Sophia. This is the real sight of Constantinople—the point round which so much of history, so much of regret, so much of anticipation, ever centre. Within that precinct Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian worshipped, and Chrysostom preached, and, most affecting reminiscence of all, the last Constantine received the Christian sacrament upon the night that preceded his own heroic death, the capture of the imperial city, and the conquest of the crescent over the cross. Apart even from all associated interest, I was profoundly struck with the general appearance and effect of the building itself—the bold simplicity of plan—the noble span of the wide low cupola, measuring in its diameter 115 feet—the gilded roofs—the mines of marble which encrust the walls. That porphyry was from the temple of the Sun at Baalbec—that verde-antique was from the temple of Diana at Ephesus. How many different strains have they not echoed ? The hymn to the Latoids !—the chaunt to the Virgin !—the muezzin's call from the minaret ! Yes ; and how long shall that call continue ? Are the lines marked along the pavement, and seats, and pulpits, always to retain their distorted position, because they must not front the original place of the Christian high altar to the east, but must be turned in the exact direction of Mecca ? Must we always dimly trace in the overlaying fretwork of gold the obliterated features of the Redeemer ? This is all assuredly forbidden by copious and cogent, even if by conflicting causes,—by old Greek memories—by young Greek aspirations—by the ambition of states and sovereigns—by the sympathy of Christendom—by the sure word of prophecy. One reflection presents itself, to retard, if not to damp, the impatience which it is impossible not to feel within these

august and storied walls. If politicians find that the great objection to the dissolution of the Turkish empire is the difficulty of finding its substitute, does not something of the same difficulty present itself to the ardour of Christian zeal ? Amidst all the imposture, the fanaticism, the sensuality of the Mahommedan faith, still, as far as its ordinary outward forms of worship meet the eye, it wears a striking appearance of simplicity ; you see in their mosques many worshippers engaged in solitary prayer ; you see attentive circles sitting round the teacher or imaan, who is engaged in reading or expounding the Koran ; but there is an almost entire absence of what we have termed the histrionic methods of worship. Now it is difficult to take one's stand under the massive cupola of St. Sophia, without, in fancy, seeing the great portals thrown open, and the long procession of priests advance, with mitre, and banner, and crucifix, and clouds of incense, and blaze of torches, and bursts of harmony, and lustral sprinklings, and low prostrations. It may not, however, be unattainable in the righteous providence of God, that when Christianity re-establishes her own domain here, it shall be with the blessed accompaniments of a purer ritual and more spiritual worship.

We also saw the mosques of sultan Achmed, which has six beautiful minarets, and is, I believe, the only mosque in the Ottoman empire which has so many ; and of Solymán the Magnificent, called the Suleimanye, which has noble dimensions, and four enormous red columns. Then there were two mausoleums of Solymán and the late sultan Mahmud, in the pattern of which last I recognised a great likeness to our own at Castle Howard. Besides this, we stood in the famous Hippodrome, the repeated scene of Byzantine faction and frivolity, and looked at its Egyptian obelisk and brazen pillar. The day's work is a somewhat fatiguing one, chiefly from the atrocious pavement in the streets : and I should recommend any ladies who undertake it to be content with the seraglio, St. Sophia, sultan Achmed, and the Hippodrome. Some of us sought refreshment afterwards in the large Turkish bath of Stamboul Proper, which has itself a very sightly show of marble. I dined on board the Niger steamer with captain Heath, where I met two French and one Dutch captain. As captain H. gave the queen's health after dinner, I thought it right to propose "*aux drapeaux unis de la civilisation Européenne*." It turned out that we were most happily placed on this occasion : it was the night which announces the near approach of the Bairam, the great festival at the termination of the Ramazan, and a large illumination takes place on the waters of the Golden Horn. The sultan comes down in his state barges : there is a refulgent display of red and blue light on ships and shores, and the effect in such a locality is most brilliant. It only occurs to one that the repeated discharges of artillery are not very well timed, while the treasury is extremely ill able to cope with the current expenses for the national defence. I thought it was a very obvious road from the landing-place at Tophané to the hotel ; but I missed it : and as I have not acquired any knowledge of Turkish, and one is liable to arrest if found in the streets at night without a light, I was very glad when I at last arrived.

## Scientific Novelties.

SINCE the pretty idea of domesticating marine pets has been brought so largely into operation, scientific men have had to review previous analyses of sea-water, for the purpose of learning the *exact* composition of that liquid, and thus being able to generate it artificially. It is now some months ago that Mr. Gosse, the gentleman on whom the care of the marine vivarium belonging to the Zoological Society devolves, and to whom the public are indebted for some most interesting works on natural philosophy, published a formula for the generation of sea-water artificially, and having supplied some marine pets with the liquid, found that they thrived in it well. The analysis of sea-water chosen by Mr. Gosse was that made by Dr. Schweitzer, the formula of which it appears was suggested to that gentleman by Mr. Warington of Apothecaries Hall. For the benefit of those who keep marine pets, the latter gentleman has recently given an amended list of the proportions necessary in the manufacture of artificial sea-water.

Chloride of sodium . . .	43½ ounces
" of magnesium . . .	6
" of potassium . . .	14
Bromide of magnesium . .	21 grains
Sulphate of magnesia (anhydrous) 3½ oz.—crystals . .	7½ ounces
Sulphate of lime (ditto) . .	2½
2½ oz.—crystallized . . .	2½
Carbonate of lime . . .	21 grains.

The total quantity of water employed ought to be added to nine gallons and five pints of water.

By following these directions, then, there can be no difficulty experienced in manufacturing artificial sea-water; nevertheless Mr. Warington has suggested a somewhat different mode of procedure. Some of the materials specified are either procurable in ordinary commercial channels with difficulty, or not at all. The better plan, therefore, is to obtain the dried extract of sea-water which remains when that fluid is evaporated, and regenerate the fluid by addition of common fresh-water to a suitable proportion. It finally remains for us to add, that the proper quantity is 56½ ounces to 10 gallons of water—and that the extract may be procured of Messrs. Brew and Schweitzer, of 71, East Street, Brighton.—*Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, 2nd series, No. 84, Vol. 14, p. 419 et seq.

THE GOWWA (BOS FRONTALIS) OF WESTERN INDIA, CALLED THE BISON BY ENGLISH RESIDENTS. BY CAPTAIN J. WYCLIFFE THOMPSON.—Concerning the above animal, Mr. Thompson read a very interesting paper before the Zoological Society on the 23rd of November. It has since appeared in the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History," from which we make the following abstract. The size of the gowwa Mr. Thompson cannot exactly say; he had no means of forming an estimate, except by viewing the carcass of one of these animals lying upon the ground. If we are to put credit in Indian sportsmen, the old bull stands six feet four inches at the shoulder. Mr. Thompson is inclined to accept this estimate, he himself having formed an independent opinion that the size of an old bull was equal to that of a large London dray-horse. The colour is chocolate brown, deepening in shade underneath; the lower part of the leg is of a dirty yellowish white. The shoulder is raised; not however into a lump, like that of the Brahmin bull, or common Indian ox, but into a kind of ridge, giving the idea that the spine beginning at the shoulder had been naturally raised and carried some little distance further back, and then allowed suddenly to drop into the ordinary level of the back. The only part of the country in which these animals have been met with is in the Subgadre mountains, or western ghauts—a narrow belt of wild, broken, and thickly wooded country, dividing the high lands of the Deccan, or Maratha country, from the low land of the Coucan, or country bordering the margin of the sea. This ghaut country is very peculiar. Not one single plain exists in the whole of it. There is only one succession of the most rugged hills and wild deep ravines; the whole, with the exception of here and there a bare ridge of hill, covered with dense brushwood, ferns, and flowering plants, so thick that it is frequently necessary to clear a road with bill-hooks. Buried in this mass of vegetation lie broken crags of brown rock; then, wandering upwards

rise clumps of forest trees; and, above all, springs again the rugged hill-side, crowned with a bare perpendicular scarp of black rock. This region, so strangely configured, is of but inconsiderable width, though of great length: it forms a narrow line of demarcation between Coucan and Deccan, and would scarcely appear to furnish elbow-room sufficient to animals so large as the gowwa. He holds to it pertinaciously nevertheless, on no occasion wandering far on either side. According to Mr. Thompson, the gowwa, or East Indian bison, although resembling the North American buffalo in some respects, differs from him in others. The Indian animal has the character of great fierceness; but, from the accounts we have of him, he is somewhat stupid. Our narrator goes on to say, that "the natives, though they hold the ferocity of the bison in considerable respect, do not seem to consider him an animal of very acute perception. I remember a 'shikarry,' or native huntsman, pointing out to me a patch of long thin grass, lying close by a small path across a hill-top, and affording nothing that I should have considered very good concealment, and telling me that I might safely, on emergency, lie down in it and let the bison pass along the path. I forget whether it was in this very spot, or at one precisely like it, that one of my beaters put this stratagem into practice, and allowed the animal to pass close by him."

The flesh, Mr. Thompson describes as the best beef he ever tasted; nevertheless, the gowwa is not so much persecuted as one might suppose—all the high caste people holding the bison to be a sort of cow. Mr. Thompson concluded his interesting paper by explaining the trouble he had been at to procure a calf of this species for the Zoological Society—hitherto without success. Those of our readers who desire further particulars respecting the gowwa will find them in Mr. Thompson's paper, published by the Zoological Society, or in the "Annals of Natural History" for December, 1854.

PREVENTION OF MARSH FEVER.—A very curious paper was read before the French Academy of Sciences, on the 13th of November last, by M. H. Martinet, on the destruction of febrile emanations from marshes, and consequently the prevention of marsh fever. The remedy is no other than arsenical vapours! M. Martinet was led to make trial of this remedy by having read the following anecdote in a book by Dr. Stokes: "In certain parts of Cornwall, fever decimated the population: a foundry was established, and the fevers disappeared. The process of ore roasting liberated fumes of arsenic, and the latter neutralized or destroyed the febrile poison." The above anecdote having struck the attention of M. Martinet, he did not lose sight of the matter involved, and soon came another fact to strengthen the theory of his adoption. The fact was this. M. Bury noticed that smelters of copper ore enjoyed protection from cholera; and that, generally, habitations situate near foundries were exempted from this terrible scourge. Now copper usually contains arsenic, as every chemist knows; and arsenic, being a volatile metal, flies off in the process of smelting. In support of M. Martinet's theory, we may advert to the fact, that arsenic has for some time been employed medicinally for the treatment of marsh fevers. We fear, nevertheless, that the theory claims too much, and we doubt the propriety of including marsh fever and cholera under one generalization. The reader who wishes to know more about the suggestion of M. Martinet may consult "The Comptes Rendus," No. 20, (Nov. 1854,) p. 974.

DID CHINESE ARTS AND SCIENCES ORIGINALLY COME FROM AFRICA?—M. de Paravey has taken some pains to show that the arts and sciences of the Chinese were not indigenous to that people, but came to them originally from Egypt and Abyssinia. If this assumption be denied, he asks, how shall we explain the knowledge of certain facts contained in Chinese Encyclopedias relative to Africa; such as the knowledge of the hippopotamus, and the existence of the negro? The Chinese, remarks M. de Paravey, have been ridiculed for placing the negroes on a range of mountains named *Kouen-Lung*. The blame, however, is on the part of those who fancy these mountains to be in Thibet. If the Chinese documents be properly understood, the stated locality will be seen to be Zanguebar.